There pleading might you ſee graue NESTOR ſtand,
As'twere incouraging the Greekes to fight,
Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,
That it beguild attention, charm'd the ſight,
In ſpeech it ſeemd his beard, all ſiluer white,
VVag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie,
Thin winding breath which purl'd vp to the skie.

About him were a preſſe of gaping faces,
VVhich ſeem'd to ſwallow vp his ſound aduice,
All ioyntlie liſtning, but with ſeuerall graces,
As if ſome Marmaide did their eares intice,
Some high, ſome low, the Painter was ſo nice.
The ſcalpes of manie, almoſt hid behind,
To iump vp higher ſeem'd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head,
His noſe being ſhadowed by his neighbours eare,
Here one being throng'd, bears back all boln, & red,
Another ſmotherd, ſeemes to pelt and ſweare,
And in their rage ſuch ſignes of rage they beare,
As but for loſſe of NESTORS golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angrie ſwords.

For

For much imaginarie worke was there,
Conceipt deceitfull, ſo compact ſo kinde,
That for ACHILLES image ſtood his ſpeare
Grip't in an Armed hand, himſelfe behind
VVas left vnſeene, ſaue to the eye of mind,
A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of ſtrong beſieged TROY
VVhen their braue hope, bold HECTOR ma
Stood manie Troian mothers ſharing ioy,
To ſee their youthfull ſons bright weapons w
And to their hope they ſuch odde action yee
That through their light ioy ſeemed to ap
(Like bright things ſtaind) a kind of heaui

And from the ſtrond of DARDAN where they
To SIMOIS reedie bankes the red bloud ra
VVhoſe waues to imitate the battaile fought
VVith ſwelling ridges, and their rankes bega
To breake vppon the galled ſhore, and than
Retire againe, till meeting greater ranck
They ioine, & ſhoot their fome at SIMOIS